

CANDOUR

*The British
Views - Letter*

To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of their world heritage

Vol. XVII, No. 448

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

January, 1966

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY PLAGUE

By **A. K. CHESTERTON**

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY SIX—is it to be another year to witness the further defeat and debasement of the British and other European nations, or a year in which there will be, if not the triumph of resurgence, then at least the calling of a halt to their long retreat and the assembling of spiritual and political forces for a counter-attack on the grand scale? I write six thousand miles away from my *Candour* files, but I would be surprised if this question, in one form or another, had not been asked at the beginning of every year during the twelve years of this journal's existence.

The answer each year has been a dusty one, and something worse than that. Dust is a clean substance compared with the putrescence in which Western civilization has become almost, although not quite, irretrievably sunk. Each year began with a feeling that rock-bottom had been reached, and each year ended with the suspicion that the abyss is bottomless, or if not that, then deep enough to submerge the peaks of human endeavour, which represent the accumulated wisdom and achievements of mankind through the ages—leaving brain-washed men and women in their millions wallowing in the slime.

FURTHER ADVANCE

It cannot be said that 1965 did anything to reverse the process: the destructive forces advanced still further towards victory. True, Mr. Ian Smith's Government made the first resolute stand of any government since the war to oppose the universal policy which requires quality to abdicate in favour of quantity—a policy ruthlessly pursued, not because the policy-makers are predisposed in favour of the quantitative, but because they fear quality as established on a national or imperial basis as a threat to their own financial sway and are determined to destroy it, the more easily to manipulate the leaderless masses.

The deepest disgrace of all, beyond doubt, has been the quite hideously malignant effort of the British Government, under Harold Wilson, to marshal the world in support of its declaration of economic war against a brave little British community which is struggling to uphold its standards in the heart of a continent that, in the wave of madness which has swept through the post-war era, is being rapidly restored to the jungle with all the jungle's primal passions and cruelty.

Those who oppose the conspiratorial interpretation of modern history imagine that a man like Harold Wilson

(the name of almost any other politician would serve as well) is actuated by motives of egalitarian idealism and believes that the overthrow of the standard-bearers of civilization in Africa or Asia marks a genuine progression towards a perfect world-order—the millenium. In truth Mr. Wilson is concerned only with power—or rather, since power in any real sense has crossed the Atlantic, with its trappings. And these trappings are dependent on two things, of which the first is the franchise of the electorate at home—in a word, votes. Rhodesia is five thousand miles away from the United Kingdom, and the British people would not be significantly swayed by governmental policies towards Rhodesia (except perhaps if military means were used) to cast or withhold votes because of them.

The second factor is therefore obviously the decisive one. As soon as the trappings of power were conferred on him Harold Wilson made his menacing statement in which he threatened the Rhodesians with ruin should they dare to take steps to safeguard the work of their hands and the future of their sons and daughters. The statement being electorally meaningless, it can be attributed with some assurance to Great Britain's imbalance of payments crisis—a recurring problem—and the Government's desire to obtain a £1,000,000,000 loan from the Central Banks under the auspices of the International Monetary Fund, which in turn is manipulated by the financial houses of New York.

ONLY EXPLANATION

Since Wall-st. is well advanced in its take-over bid for the greater part of the world, and since Rhodesia is one of the last remaining territories in Africa where American Communist subversion—that is to say, in effect, the New York Money Power—has still to replace a responsible White government with an irresponsible and infinitely more malleable Black government, Harold Wilson could not possibly have created a better impression on the money-lenders than he did by his uttering of menaces to Rhodesia. His action is explicable in no other terms.

It is not as though Wilson can be unaware of the nature of the successor regimes in territories wherein the paternalistic European administrations have been forced by external pressures to abdicate. If he does not know of the infamies perpetrated in the Congo he is unfit to be the chairman of a parish council, let alone Prime Minister of Great Britain. He must be no less aware that the economic and administrative chaos

following the surrender of Kenya to Mau Mau becomes monthly more ruinous as ever more White officials are replaced by Africans and as ever more European settlers sell out at pitiable prices to be quit of a country once lovely but now pestiferous. He must know that the only political art practised by African demagogues is that of intimidation through ferocious terrorism and that this applies as much to the so-called "moderates" as it does, say, to the Congolese rapists. Consider, for instance, the holding back on Kaunda's orders of the British-officered police while his youth movement put to death by obscene torture Alice Lenshina's villagers. ("Hallo Kenneth!" cried Prime Minister Wilson as he greeted this smooth-voiced bastard on arrival at Lusaka.) Consider, too, the "moderation" of Hastings Banda, who recently affirmed that there should be public hangings and of his Parliamentary Secretary for Community and Social Development, also called Banda, who demands that before the rebels die they should be skinned and their skins sent to a museum, their fingers and toes preserved for their children to see and their skulls used to drink beer from. Consider, as a last instance, the "successful" emergent state (so called) of Nigeria*; where the recent election caused riots involving the loss of many lives and produced a patently bogus result. (One optimistic voter was discovered with no less than forty voting papers in his pocket!) On declaring the election to have been rigged, the Leader of the Opposition was pounced upon and flung into prison. Ordinary Africans—as distinct from the crazed pseudo-sophisticates who aspire to "power"—are mostly lovable and laughter-loving people who are always the chief victims of these brutal regimes.

INORDINATE AMBITION

Harold Wilson, who comes from one of England's kindest and homeliest counties, cannot be in ignorance of these things, and of the general pattern which is formed when almost an entire continent is given into the keeping of contaminated creatures with the bodies of men, the lusts of apes and the mentality of demented children. Yet, because of his own inordinate ambition to strut his little hour, no matter how incompetently, upon the stage of public life, Wilson can so far betray his own background, and the proverbial British decencies, as to gang up with these Black parodies of civilized beings with intent to smash Ian Smith's Government and so help Africa's immemorial savagery to regain its predominance over yet another country. And all because that is the way the master money-lenders of New York require things to go.

Although Wilson's lust for the appurtenances of power oozes from the man's personality like the rankest sweat, it would be foolish to think of him, even within the British sphere, as the solitary villain of this piece. He is backed by the Labour Party down to its last half-man. He is backed by about fifty renegade Conservative M.P.'s, many of whom are associated with establishments (such as Barclay's Bank D.C.O.) which have come to terms with barbarism and manage

to make a profit out of savages. Indeed, he is even backed by the vast majority of Conservatives who, by abstaining, enabled him to register an overwhelming victory in the debate on sanctions against a valiant little British community—a community which in two world wars rendered superb services to the British Crown and people. In a sense these abstainers were, if not the real villains, then certainly the most despicable of the Parliamentarians in that by their very abstention they revealed their knowledge that the waging of economic warfare against Rhodesia was wrong to the point of villainy, and yet lacked the moral fibre to vote against it. So wonderfully adept at rationalisation is the human mind that our odious Prime Minister and his equally odious followers no doubt persuaded themselves that they acted with impeccable moral rectitude. But what self-justification can the abstainers adduce in support of their own loathsome cowardice?

RESISTANCE LOWERED

As *Candour* has maintained throughout its existence, the depletion of energies expended in two world wars has lowered the resistance to disease of the British peoples at home and overseas (with the honourable exception of those who fight for survival of their own kind, not only in Rhodesia but in every part of the British world) to the point where they have become almost the chief germ-carriers of a disease which honest historians of the future—if honest history is allowed a place in it—may perhaps recognise as and label "The Twentieth Century Plague".

I cannot say that this plague, with the havoc which it has wrought in the human spirit, is altogether without precedent. One of the earliest of the Pharaohs, by preaching and enforcing his policy of pacifism, allowed his country to be over-run by enemies who otherwise might well have been contained. And many features of our own situation are to be found in that of the last years of Ancient Rome, particularly the withdrawal of the patricians from the leadership they could very well have supplied, much as in the flight from responsibility of our own so-called aristocrats, although there is no evidence that before returning to their own villas the patricians first attempted to legalize sodomy. Perhaps there was no need!

DELIBERATE ABANDONMENT

There are, however, certain unique factors in the modern situation. No marked discrepancy in weapon power distinguished the Romans from the barbarians who menaced their Empire. Only Roman discipline and Roman organisation could have kept the numerically superior forces of the barbarians at bay and these were rotted from within by the decay of Roman morale. Today there is a qualitative superiority in technical skill possessed by the West over all comers—a superiority which could enforce law and order over every part of the world, despite the stress placed by witless commentators on China's "teeming millions", and it is this superiority which is being deliberately abandoned in favour of the modern barbarians. The betrayal started before the financial backing of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 and it reached its height in the middle of the last war when Harry Hopkins, the Money Power's agent appointed to "look after"

* This was written before that country's leading politicians were kidnapped and/or murdered, and a military dictatorship established—for how long remains to be seen.

Franklin Roosevelt, gave orders to Major Jordan, of the United States Air Force, in charge of delivering supplies to Soviet Russia, to include in the deliveries a mass of atomic formulae, together with quantities of processed uranium. The process was taken several steps further by the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty signed in Moscow and described by President Kennedy as a further step towards the fulfilment of the original Baruch plan for the centralized international control of all forms of atomic energy. What was this if not the deliberate forgoing of Western quality as a gift to Eastern quantity and treason most damnable against "the holy spirit of man".

As order throughout the world during the nineteenth and earlier part of the twentieth centuries was largely upheld by the *Pax Britannica*, it follows that the Money Power, enemy of Christendom, of national sovereignty, of racial integrity, and of the great spiritual values of the West, has brought its most intense pressures to bear upon Great Britain, to break up her mainly benevolent world system and create a rabble of "independent" states which in their crass ignorance, childish pretentiousness, and general dementia constitute, not an advance towards "the brotherhood of man", whatever that may mean, but a regression which nullifies the tremendous administrative and civilisational achievements of the past centuries.

GADARENE STAMPEDE

Harold Wilson did not start this stampede down the Gadarene slopes. The first clear evidence of it was the dropping of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in the early twenties—a measure which the secret government of the United States was able to enforce because of the £1,000,000,000 loan negotiated on behalf of the British Government by Rufus Isaacs (Lord Reading) in 1917—a loan to be repaid on call and in gold far beyond any amount ever stored in the vaults of the Bank of England. It was Winston Churchill who, in 1940, gave verbal shape to the new global set-up when he told the House of Commons:

"The British Empire and the United States will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for the mutual and general advantage. For my own part, looking out upon the future, I do not view the process with any misgivings. I could not stop it if I wished, no one can stop it. Like the Mississippi it just keeps rolling along. Let it roll. Let it roll on full flood, inexorable, irresistible, benignant, to broader lands and better days."

This from the man who said: "I have not become the King's First Minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire." Yet as a result of the Churchillian attitude and policies the British Empire has been almost entirely liquidated, and Great Britain herself has become a satellite of the United States. More accurately, perhaps, both Great Britain and the United States have become the grovelling satellites of the money-manipulators of New York.

PLAIN TRUTH

There is no need to drag the regular reader of *Candour* through all the events, from the abdication in India to the Suez debacle and thence to Great Britain's innumerable surrenders down to the instalment in office

of Harold Wilson and the infamy of the economic attack on Rhodesia. It should be borne in mind, however, that it is not alone Rhodesia that the Labour Government is determined to destroy but the sovereignty of all the British nations. One of its first actions was to cancel the T.S.R.2, the finest military aircraft—the finest aircraft of any kind—ever to fly the skies—a machine which would have given Great Britain in a very few years the mastery of the air. This was followed some months later by the cutting down of Britain's scientific research to so low a level that she has ceased to be even a potential competitor in the race to conquer space and explore some of the mysteries of the universe—a race which has a direct bearing upon national survival in the nuclear age. The plain truth is that British politicians, in return for Transatlantic patronage, are prepared to allow British sovereignty to be trampled into the mire. The fact that we produce scientific brains and technological experts second to none in the world, and that many in desperation are emigrating because of the impossibility of finding suitable employment for their skills at home, means nothing to the little men who govern us or to those others who aspire to govern us and who for so long misgoverned us.

DERISIVE SPECTACLE

It is a derisive spectacle to see Harold Wilson, the Socialist, the self-proclaimed enemy of Capitalism, turning himself into a lickspittle to serve the interests of the Super-Capitalists of New York. But is it any more despicable than the spectacle of Edward Heath, leader of the so-called Conservative Party, refusing to conserve the sovereignty of the United Kingdom, or to help conserve the sovereignty of the British nations overseas, and making official Conservative policy the subjection of that sovereignty to a cosmopolitan cabal in Brussels, capital of the European Economic Community established by the Treaty of Rome, which denies to every member state not only control over its own laws but even decisions vitally affecting its own bread and butter—its own livelihood, its own means to survive.

Policies can be changed, historical trends can be thrown into reverse, and—since hope springs eternal in the human breast—bad politicians can be replaced by better politicians. The basic problem, however, is whether or not the indoctrination of the general populace, contrived by the ceaseless slanting of news and the daily pollution of the mental climate by the B.B.C., has ushered in the terminal period of The Twentieth Century Plague—the period when decadence can end only in death—the death of the human spirit, and the death of the human aspiration to create beauty and to live with some nobility of purpose. It is still an open question.

RALLYING GROUND

We like to think that a movement such as ours, which refuses to veer with the wind, and a publication such as this publication, which endeavours to be forthright and courageous without being rabid, while they are still not strong enough to influence the course of the main stream of events, offer a rallying ground for those who believe that the values bequeathed to us

by our fathers should at all costs be handed down to future generations. Quality still outweighs quantity and where principle refuses to bend to expediency and where truth is sought to the total exclusion of lies, there surely must quality find some kind of lodging, no matter how poor the furniture. That is why we are presumptuous enough to believe that our continued existence offers a certain hope to the British people, and therefore, through them, to the civilized world.

Even the poorest lodging, even a newsletter with a restricted circulation, even a movement which, because of the circumstances of the times, remains relatively small, requires to be financed, which is why repeated appeals have to be made to well-wishers to provide the necessary means to keep our movement alive. Nineteen hundred and sixty six calls for increased efforts on our part to do our utmost to counter the bubonic spiritual plague of our times. This in turn calls for more money. Detestable though it be to us to trespass on the good nature of our supporters, especially those who have made sacrificial grants to us through the years, we have no option but to issue yet another appeal for funds with which to carry out our work during the twelve months ahead.

Members may be assured that fresh sources of finance (quite apart from our legislation in Chile) are being constantly explored, although—because of the debilitating effect of the plague—so far without much success. Even men of wealth and position, who have some knowledge of the conspiracy against Christendom and Western civilization, comfort themselves with the belief

(which could be mistaken) that they will not be gracing the earth when the final debacle arrives to rob them of their freedom and their creature comforts. My attitude toward them is much the same as my attitude towards the abstainers in the debate on sanctions against Rhodesia, but I will allow old Thomas Carlyle to express it for me in a single phrase:

“The foul sluggard’s comfort: ‘It will last my time.’”

When the reader is considering whether or not to respond to our 1966 appeal we would ask him, in assessing its genuineness, to base his decision on this one question:

Do we pursue policies likely to win us rewards from the powers and principalities dominating these disease-ridden times, in which every decent value is derided, or do what we write and what we do earn for us the hatred of the cancerous interests we attack and lead to our being smeared from top to toe for daring to make a stand for the future of the British nations and of the White race?

1966 MAINTENANCE FUND

Readers wishing to respond to the call made in the foregoing article are requested to send their donations to Mrs. Collyer, at 5 Elmhurst Court, St. Peter’s Road, Croydon, Surrey.

CUT AND THRUST

WARNINGS have been given in *Candour* of a determined attempt to consolidate the power of international finance to determine the destinies of nations. Harold Wilson was the first public man to fly a kite for this move when, on his return from belly-crawling to the money-lenders of New York, he advocated a new unit of international currency to “facilitate” international trade. Since then there have been conferences in Washington and elsewhere to boost the idea. The most important occasions were the annual meetings of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, “attended by the world’s leading authorities”. These “leading authorities”, we may be quite sure, were not the elected representatives of the nations, even though U.S. Secretary to the Treasury, Henry H. Fowler, was entrusted with the task of broaching the subject. He would like to see, he said, “a start made towards easing the strain on international financial dealings that comes every now and then and could conceivably grow worse in a few years”. He added, months after the Wilson kite had been flown, that a first step might be taken toward looking for something to supplement gold, dollars and pounds, now commonly held as reserves and used to settle international payments “when they get out of kilter”.

It so happens that, despite the power of money-manipulation usurped by the dominant financial houses, the control of gold, dollars and pounds is still *de jure* vested in national states. But who would control the new unit of international currency which is to supple-

ment gold, dollars and pounds? Obviously the world’s master-usurers behind the International Monetary Fund. What is more, U.S. Treasury Secretary Fowler spoke of the establishment of this new unit as “a first step”. What is considered to be the ultimate step? With submission, it could only be the enforcement of the I.M.F. measure of currency, when it comes to be created out of nothing, as the sole legal means of settling international payments. The man incapable of seeing that an enactment of this kind, or even the issue of a new international currency to supplement existing ones, can only be a further device for the enslavement of mankind, is—with all respect—a fool.

* * *

Commentators on the World Bank and I.M.F. conferences, while giving due space to what they are pleased to call “international monetary reform”, state—as one of them put it—that “the real horse-trading was to coax more money for the have-not nations from the treasuries of the haves”. This, especially as far as Wall-st. is concerned, one can well believe. According to the World Bank the (so-called) have-not nations have borrowed so much in recent years that much of their available funds now goes for repayment on old loans. The intrinsic absurdity of the situation (as indeed of the entire international financial system) is so clear that it would make an impact on most minds were it not for the fiction, sedulously fostered through the years, that

high finance is one of the mysteries not understandable by the average human intelligence.

No wonder there should be pressure on "the treasuries of the haves". The World Bank and the international lending houses which operate under its umbrella want to pour new loans into "the treasuries of the have-nots" so as to secure repayment of old loans, preferably with a few billion dollars extra to swell what will themselves become old loans a few years hence, when yet further new loans will be required to pay them off. It is a wonderful racket. The international bankers simply cannot lose.

* * *

Candour on previous occasions has commented on the activities of Maxwell Stamp and the various concerns with which he is associated, and has asked readers for any further information they may happen to possess about what is undoubtedly a very peculiar complex of vested interests. However, there are aspects of his work about which Stamp is not in the least shy—so little so that he seeks publicity for them. Thus we read in the *Daily Mail*: "We may have missed the Common Market bus, but while it is waiting at President de Gaulle's request stop, we may be able to catch something faster. This is the view of Maxwell Stamp Associates, who have produced the first of merchant bankers Hill, Samuel's new series of occasional papers. The case for going into Europe is by no means overwhelming, they say, adding: "Indeed, if our primary object is really to secure faster growth—which is the reason often adduced for advocating entry into Europe—the case for a link-up with the United States and Canada is much stronger. They think our economy is more likely to be stimulated by joining an economic area whose income per head is double our own than by joining one whose average income is as low". So there you are.

Sir David Sassoon once declared that, whether or not we liked the idea, our absorption by the United States was inevitable: so much so, indeed, that discussion on the subject was useless. It would seem that Maxwell Stamp and merchant bankers Hill and Samuel are of the same opinion. They put out propaganda designed to make us the 51st State of the United States of America. Had they twenty-five years ago advocated our becoming a part of Germany they would have run a serious risk of being hanged by the neck until they were dead. Why should it have been treason to advocate absorption by Germany but apparently commendable to advocate our absorption—which is what the term "link-up" really means—by the United States?

* * *

Even if it were untrue that we do not live by bread alone, even if national pride, tradition, culture and character were valueless, it would still be fascinating to challenge Maxwell Stamp to explain the validity of his economic argument. He asserts that in the United States the income per head is double our own. The implication, which he would scarcely be able to deny, is that by uniting (or linking-up, if he prefers his own term) with America, British salaries, wages and investments would be doubled to bring us into line with United States incomes. Would that in fact happen?

And if it did happen, who would bear the cost of the increase? The American taxpayer? He would indeed be an optimist if he believed that.

Or the British consumer? That would be nearer the mark. It would therefore have been much more intellectually honest, when mentioning the higher American wage-system, to have stressed the fantastically higher American cost of living. Then there is the question of "faster growth". Many people in Great Britain could work harder, but why should union with America induce them to increase their pace? We live in a time of "full employment" more or less. Who, therefore, will be available to increase our production? It could of course be Maxwell Stamp's belief that the immigration of more West Indians, Ghanaians, Nigerians, Pakistanis, Arabs and perhaps a few million Chinese would be the answer to the problem!

* * *

I continue to receive alarming reports about the state of Canada's armed forces. Defence Minister Hellier still wields the axe with zest (is it a Wall-st. instruction to Great Britain and all the British nations?). Naval officers say that the Navy is faced with the hopeless task of trying to enlist more men and to retain the services of those it already possesses. There is no future for the young officers and the old officers are faced with the lack of promotional opportunities, early enforced retirement and other hazards affecting their careers. The same problems seem to confront the Royal Canadian Air Force, with the added difficulty that Air Force officers have open to them the inducement of jobs with commercial outfits which offer them much greater security of tenure.

When Hellier became Minister of Defence the papers gave him a build-up, stating that he had enlisted as a private in the last war and had acquired a hatred "for the brass". Such an attitude is surely not suitable in a man occupying this particular post. Was he chosen because of it? There have been stranger things. At any rate, consequent on his appointment, many senior officers have retired. The integration of the Services has added to the chaos. Admirals do not want to become Generals and so on down the line. I am informed, moreover, that all Services are to be made to adopt khaki uniforms. Everything that could be done to hit the proud old traditions on the head is being done. Whatever Hellier's personal attitude, however, we may be sure that the orders are not his but cometh from afar.

* * *

The Canadian Centennial Commission offered prizes for a design with which to symbolize Canada's centenary. Three prizes totalling \$4,000 were awarded to three Montreal men who won the Commission's year long contest. Curiously, not one of the winning designs was accepted.

Instead, the symbol chosen is "a stylized maple leaf". It is made up of "eleven equilateral triangles arranged to form a slab sided maple leaf. Ten triangles represent the provinces and one, the apex, represents the Northwest territories". That is as may be. The final result is a design as close to a Jewish symbol as makes no odds. Could this be the reason why not one of the winning entries was selected?

One of Australia's most famous broadcasters, Mr Norman Banks, has been taken off the air for no better reason than that he is a man of independent views which he fearlessly expresses. Said an executive of the company which sacked him: "Many of Mr. Banks's guests expressed opinions in conflict with popular opinion, and we thought that there was a limit to the number of these people we could use". It so happens that I have been one of these "guests". The first occasion was during my visit to Australia five years ago, when in a broadcast interview with Mr Banks I described in broad terms the international financial conspiracy and its dangers to freedom of human thought and action. The second occasion was in London three years ago when Mr Banks recorded and later broadcast an interview with me wherein I outlined the implications of Great Britain's proposed adherence to the European Common Market and what it could mean to the British nations overseas.

I have no doubt whatever that these views found no favour with the interests most concerned to smash national sovereignty and to overthrow the White Australia and other policies, but it is difficult to believe that they were resented by "popular opinion" in Australia or anywhere else. In any case what is "popular opinion?" Is it something single and indivisible, something totalitarian? Of course not. In as far as it exists, it does so only to the extent of being trained to treat certain subjects as taboo. It is a manufactured thing, more fictional than real. The Australian people as a whole would object to nothing said by myself or similar speakers. It is conceivable that the local equivalent of the Jewish Board of Deputies might do,

not because of any mention of Jewry, but because of criticism of policies which stem from its main drive for world power and immunity from criticism. The silencing of a voice such as that of Norman Banks is a tactical victory for the Left and yet another of the innumerable defeats suffered by the Right during the last fifty years.

* * *

This edition of *Candour* again goes to press at an awkward period so far as Rhodesian affairs are concerned. At the time of writing it is not known what transpired at "the Commonwealth Summit Conference" on Rhodesia held in Lagos. It is to be hoped that Harold Wilson was suitably dressed for the occasion in a loincloth and had his front teeth filed to fine points to show that, as far as African sensibility is concerned, he was completely "with it". There is no reason to suppose that the Lagos conference will reach decisions any less derisive than that of the Organisation of African Unity at Addis Ababa.

It will be recalled that the Nigerian Minister appointed by the Addis Ababa conference to act as spokesman made this classic remark: "We have declared war on Southern Rhodesia in principle, but admit that we have not yet got the soldiers with which to fight". Here is a continent containing nearly 200,000,000 Blacks, arraigned against a small community of some 300,000 Whites — a ratio of about 666 to 1. But those odds are not great enough to fortify the African heart! If ever quantity paid tribute to quality it was contained in that Nigerian's statement. Be of good heart, Rhodesians. Come the whole of Black Africa against

"The simple but telling way you have put the words down, inspire them to reach through to one like an invigorating and penetrating salt-drenched breeze carrying cleanly their message straight from the sea. It is a magnificent and brave effort"—Mrs Amy Wilkinson, Christchurch, New Zealand.

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you and a few patrols on the Zambezi will be sufficient to send it scuttling back whence it came. Your real enemies are the renegade White nations and the enemy within your gates.

* * *

When I heard that the Rhodesian Government had dropped its £5 a ton royalty on coal and £8 a ton royalty on coke exports to Zambia, I said at once that it was acting under the influence of Harry Oppenheimer. Next morning the *Cape Times* confirmed this view by reporting: "It is understood that the Anglo-American Corporation, which owns the Wankie coal mines (as they own almost everything else of value in Southern Africa) have been extremely concerned that the valuable Zambian market would be progressively lost because the Zambians would find alternative supplies of coal and coke". The newspaper might add that "Anglo-American" owns the larger part of the Zambian copperbelt which is dependent on the Wankie collieries for its coal supplies. In any case the statement that the Zambians would find alternative coal supplies covers only a short-term period. In the long run, when the Smith Government is finally accepted, proximity would make Wankie coal a much cheaper proposition than flying in fuel from distant territories.

There may have been sound economic reasons for Rhodesia's abandonment of a powerful weapon of retaliation but it is difficult to find a sound political argument for the step. It has done nothing to ease the political situation. This leads one to stress the problem of Harry Oppenheimer's own position. Although his interests in the Republic of South Africa are vast and still being expanded, it was he who financed the Progressive Party in that country. His stake in Zambia is enormous and the concerns with which he is associated hold many, if not most, of Southern Rhodesia's governmental bonds. Where, then, does he stand? As "Anglo-American" is directly linked with the Rothschild family, and as the Rothschilds are still one of the dominant financial forces of the world, it is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that pressure could not be brought against the British Government to drop its campaign of sanctions against Rhodesia. The pretty clear indication is that Harry Oppenheimer, under his mask of impassivity, is virulently anti-Smith.

* * *

Candour has mentioned the abominable letter in which certain Whites who decided to remain in Kenya on the African band-wagon had the revolting impertinence to take to task Ian Smith's Government in Rhodesia for not following their own scrofulous example. While they did not go so far as to depict Kenya as a Shangri-la, they painted a very favourable picture of the situation obtaining there. Pestilence, hunger and unemployment are now the lot of tens of thousands of people but not of course of the demagogues and their stooges.

Let me give but one instance of Kenya's chaotic condition. One farm, vacated by the owner who saw no future in the country, formerly brought in upwards of £15,000 a year and produced too much milk. (Milk

is now rationed!) It has lain uncultivated ever since he left it three years ago. There has been no action there beyond the cutting down of all trees for firewood. The dairy-farm produced about 300 gallons daily, which is now the output of the whole vast area of which the farm formed only one of many units. The expensive water-catchment area he put in is now no more, and his house and all the wire fencing have long departed. Yet the band-wagon Whites of Kenya shamelessly urge upon the Rhodesians acceptance of a regime which would be certain to have precisely the same result!

* * *

The State of Zambia intends to become what has been called—I think in Harold Macmillan's phrase—an "affluent society". This was recently explained to a rural audience by one Nephas Tembo, Parliamentary Secretary for Mines and Co-operatives, who spoke on "Kaundaism". Kaundaism, he said, is a "Zambian political philosophy aimed at eliminating poverty among the rural poor through co-operative methods".

If the objective of this "Zambian political philosophy" is vague and unoriginal, the method of securing its simulacrum is strikingly novel. Said the Rt. Hon. Gentleman who is Parliamentary Secretary for Mines and Co-operatives: "I will personally sjambok any rural man or woman, who three years after the start of the co-operative movement wears patched clothes". The sjambok, for readers who do not know their Africa, is a formidable whip usually made of rhino hide. Come what may, it seems, Zambia is to be given the appearance of an affluent society no matter what weals and woes may be encountered in the process!

* * *

I have taken a particular interest in the affairs of Swaziland, the British Protectorate entrusted with self-rule, because it is one of the few territories which produced a right-wing government and I have wondered what steps would be taken by a largely left-wing administration, operating in a largely left-wing world, to counter the situation. In our September issue I asked the King: "Tell me, Ngwenyama, why have you and your former Right-Wing Administration swung so far to the Left?" But of course mighty potentates do not reply to such enquiries. I now have further information that so-called "trade union" activity, spearheaded by a Zulu refugee called Velakyi Shange, is being expanded in conjunction with the Ngwane National Liberatory Congress, which has taken a new lease of life in the spreading of subversion.

The attitude of many of the Europeans is not doing much to re-establish respect for the White residents. I am told, for instance, that a former officer of one of the most famous of British regiments recently held a party attended by two Black women who, speaking of it in a shop the next day, said that they liked the house, the drink, the food and the company, but that—an obvious allusion to their host—"He's no good in bed". If the White races are finally overwhelmed by the coloured races the reason will not lie in the progress of the latter but in the sinking into the mire of the former.

The International Commission of Jurists has just announced that all elected officers of both Houses of the Burundi Parliament and the principal leaders of the Bahutu race were among 86 people executed after an unsuccessful revolt in this East African territory last October.

There is no reason to believe, however, that members of the British Houses of Parliament will brood upon such effects of granting independence to savages. The most British Members of the House of Commons can lose are their seats but these they cling to as abjectly as though their own lives were at stake. As long as the seats are retained they will proclaim with fervour the desirability of extending the parliamentary system to the outermost ends of the earth, and even to colonies of baboons should the latter be able to express a demand for sovereign independence. One would have thought that the sheer horror of happenings such as those in Burundi, the Congo, Kenya and Zambia alone would be enough to temper their democratic zeal but the sad truth is that when nearly every politician enters Parliament he takes good care to leave his ordinary human sensitivities behind him.

The almost simultaneous overthrow of regimes in the former French territories in Western Africa indicates a clear conspiracy. The Army Chief of Staff in Upper Volta last month announced over the radio that the army had taken over power. The excuse was given that this move followed the general strike against austerity measures introduced by President Yameogo's government. That was an improbable explanation—as improbable as the President's professed rejoicing at the take-over. Then there was the announcement by the Chief of Staff of the Central African Republic Army that it had seized power and arrested President David Dacko, together with several ministers of the ousted government and the commandant of the gendarmerie. There has also been revolutionary trouble in Dahomey, another former French colony. The position there at the present time seems a little obscure but according to reports the Chinese Ambassador has been given his marching orders. If true, this serves to show on what a very slender basis rests the legend of Chinese intervention on the African continent.

What does seem to have become increasingly clear is that for the time being Washington and Paris are not seeing eye to eye in matters of concern to the territories—in other words, Rothschild Freres is waging a little war of its own against certain finance houses in New York. It will be recalled that President de Gaulle of recent times has endeavoured to depict France as being in cahoots with Red China. The expulsion of a Chinese ambassador from a former French Colony would thus be a smack in the eye for the President and yet another victory to be inscribed on the banners of the New York Money Power.

There has been some gun-running and transporting of subversives carried out in South African waters, particularly off the coast of Pondoland. The South African authorities naturally do not look with favour upon such activities.

Although the nation or nations concerned would keep quiet about any casualties, there is very little doubt that some ships employed on this nefarious work have failed to return to base. If the South African Navy had anything to do with this cleansing of the seas one can but wish all power to its guns.

On what basis are life peers now created? The elevation of the notorious subversive, Fenner Brockway, to be a nobleman showed that the qualities required for entry into the House of Lords are very different from what they were in healthier times and it can be said that two names in the recent New Year's Honours List did nothing to remove the reproach. The creation of Sir Stephen King-Hall as a baron would require quite a lot of explaining in any distinctively British context. King-Hall's publication was misnamed "The National News-Letter". It should have been entitled the "Internationalist News-Letter". What is more, King-Hall gravely misused his position as a broadcaster in the BBC's Children's Hour by trying to instil in his youthful audience a love of internationalist cults as distinct from British traditions.

However, neither Fenner Brockway nor King-Hall is entitled to be regarded as the most improbable for promotion to the House of Lords. This particular palm must surely be given to Israel Moses Sieff, the Chairman of Marks and Spencers. He it was who helped to found the World Jewish Congress and he it was who went as Rothschild's nominee to Palestine after the first World War to secure maximal interpretation of the Balfour Declaration. Why has the name of Israel Moses Sieff occurred so seldom in Britain's public life during the last twenty-five years? Could it be because of complaints about him in 1940 when he headed a British purchasing mission to the United States and when it was publicly stated that he was persuading his co-racials to go slow in aiding Britain until such time as a firm promise about the future of Palestine had been secured from the British Government? As far as I am aware no repudiation of this charge has ever been made. However, he is now a grand old British nobleman, which proves that Jewry will always find a way of rehabilitating those who work in its service.

Readers, particularly members of the League, will be interested to hear that I have had the honour of receiving a Christmas card from the Prime Minister of South Africa and Mrs. Verwoerd, and another from Dr. Carel de Wet, South African Ambassador in London. This honour I feel to be shared by all my colleagues and supporters who have done so much to support the cause of civilization in Southern Africa.

Even had there not been this most courteous acknowledgement of our efforts we would have continued to do everything in our power to help maintain White leadership in countries which, without it, would be given over to chaos and terror. But we would like it to be known that acts of courtesy of this kind are very greatly appreciated and cannot but help to sustain our morale in the years of struggle which lie ahead.

A.K.C.

GRIM HUMOUR

By AIDAN MACKAY

"SESWE was a beautiful town. Fifty years before there had been nothing but fever-ridden swamps and sand dunes where the elephant and hippo roamed and the crocodile basked in the torrid heat as the fish eagle screeched overhead and the vultures circled in their never-ending search for carrion. But the white man had come and all had changed. The swamps had been drained, the dunes levelled, the lagoon deepened. Roads had been laid out, fine buildings arose, jetties took shape and their giant cranes looked down giraffe-like on the ships which came and went with imports and exports built up from the flourishing agriculture of the interior—and all in the space of a generation."

That passage could well have been taken from a factual history of one of our colonial territories, but it is quoted, in fact, from a very telling and entertaining satire on the effects of the British abandonment of colonial responsibility in Africa. Throughout this book* there are passages in which satire and straightforward reporting merge into a single grim commentary on corruption: the Churches corrupted by sentimentality, business men corrupted by balance-sheets, civil servants corrupted by the need to protect status and pensions, local populations corrupted by fear, and politicians corrupt by choice and without shred of excuse. It makes a bitter and unhappy story and it is a mark of the author's skill that the result is so readable and that what humour can be gleaned from the situation is used to the full.

ONLY QUARREL

If I have a quarrel with Mr Culwick's book, it is with the title. There are, I believe—though I have had the good fortune not to meet them—people who equate the black African with the ape. Mr Culwick is most assuredly not of this school. His hero is Sergeant-Major Selemani, who refuses to think in terms of white or black supremacy, but who accepts, indeed insists upon, their differences and who seeks white leadership in rebuilding his country after the demagogues and crooks have laid it waste. There *is* hatred in this book, but not for the victims, black or white, of the great betrayal. It is reserved for the men who encouraged or allowed the return to barbarism in return for personal gain, and, in particular, for the creature, at once pathetic and repulsive, who is shoved into the shoes of the Governor who resigned rather than abandon the natives of Mobuto to their fate under "independence".

One incident which Mr Culwick uses to illustrate the extent of African superstition even today is well worth repeating here:

"About this time the Governor was seriously embarrassed by a case which most unfortunately came to court. A famous witchdoctor and lycanthrope was believed to be able to turn himself into

a crocodile, which, allegedly, he frequently did at full moon when he would tear and crush the unsuspecting in his powerful jaws. Unlike the ordinary crocodile, he did not consume his prey—he liked his meat roasted—but left the mutilated remains for the relatives to bury.

"A man, whose dying brother was a minor chief, and who aspired to succeed to the title, was prevented from doing so because his brother had male issue, a little boy of ten. He therefore contracted with the crocodile man to do away with the lad, and agreed that for this service he would pay the normal professional fee of thirty shillings.

"After the lad had been despatched most expertly, with entrails torn out and the most convincing tooth marks all over the body, his client refused to pay more than ten shillings for the job. The crocodile man was particularly angry about this because he had given the man, free gratis and for nothing, a little powder to put in his brother's food so that the latter could be buried too. He therefore sued in the Paramount Chief's court, where it was actually found that a breach of contract had occurred, and judgement was given the plaintiff in the sum of twenty shillings and five shillings costs.

"Nobody would have thought any more about it had not some journalist got hold of the story and published a brief account of the proceedings in a newspaper. The crocodile man was tried for murder by a white judge, sitting with two native assessors who, on being asked their opinion by the judge, said that there was no doubt whatever in their minds. The crocodile man had killed the boy.

"'You therefore find him guilty of murder?' asked His Honour. 'Oh No!' they replied, 'certainly not, because at the time he was a crocodile'."

The point about that story, as many readers of *Candour* will recall, is that it is no satirical invention by the author. It is a sober and truthful account of an event which was chronicled in *Candour* at the time!

OVER CONFIDENT?

Mr Culwick appears to me to be, in some ways, rather more sanguine about the future than is yet justified by the evidence we have. We have all respected South Africa's preservation of civilised rule in the face of international pressure, and we fervently hope that there will be no abdication from the stand its rulers have taken. Mr Culwick, in this excellent book, seems supremely confident that South Africa will not only remain unswerving within its own frontiers, but that it will unhesitatingly support the upholders of good government in other parts in Africa, and will take the lead, when the time comes, in building afresh on the ruins left by the anti-colonialists.

I hope most sincerely that events prove his trust well-founded.

* *Back to the Trees*, by A. T. Culwick. (Nasionale Boekhandel, Bepark, Cape Town.)

THE DRAGON IN OUR MIDST

By IDA FRASER HARRIS

IN the opening words of his new book, *The Unarmed Invasion*, A Survey of Afro-Asian Immigration (Geoffrey Bles, 8s. 6d.) Lord Elton establishes the seriousness of the problem but not all of its immensity and urgency. "This," he writes, "is an attempt to depict briefly a social crisis, the gravest social crisis since the industrial revolution." Yet the problem is so much more as well: it is the dragon eating the heart out of St. George: the unceasing mass immigration of many races into an already over-crowded and over-urbanised community until we are faced with—Lord Elton's words—"conditions which would have shocked the public of Charles Dickens's day."

Only the other day we had an example in the news of the strange new Britain with which authorities have to contend: in Nottingham, the school authorities had to have a little girl's wrists X-rayed to prove to her Indian father that her true age by her bones was nearer thirteen than sixteen and therefore she could not be taken away from school to be sold into marriage with a man nearly forty years her senior but willing to pay a good "dowry" for her.

We may not share Lord Elton's desire to see an Indian Archbishop of Canterbury, but we can nevertheless be grateful to him for his persistent efforts to obtain facts from a reluctant bureaucracy. But are we as shocked as we ought to be? Many have deplored the truly dreadful slums of Dickens's day, but now seem able to turn a blind eye to the arrival of the slums of Karachi in our midst. Lord Elton draws attention to the strange anomaly in the Socialist outlook, that a party which has always been loud in its clamour for planning in almost every sphere of man's existence should, as he puts it, "now so vehemently resist the proposal to apply a modest degree of planning."

LESS THAN FAIR

Lord Elton is less than fair to minority groups when he accuses them of exploiting inflammatory situations. It is just because such situations have been neglected by all in positions of power that the minority groups have had to come into existence. Is not Lord Elton himself a kind of minority group? No major political party can have welcomed his probings.

Early in his book a *cri de coeur* from a Labour deputy mayor of Deptford is quoted: "Is it progressive to let the workers of Deptford be dragged back to the

conditions we have only just managed to struggle out of?"

Whatever our ideas about the Brotherhood of Man, we cannot all live in one brother's over-crowded house. In the name of humanity what kind of diabolical brotherhood allows thousands of hopeful families to be uprooted from kindly climates to be dumped in squalid cities where the housing shortage is already acute?

As Lord Elton points out, it is not just in appearance that immigrants differ from native Britons: they have also different languages, religions, standards, interests, customs, education, politics and even different diets and diseases.

In Birmingham a leaflet on over-crowding had to be printed in 13 different languages to be understood by the residents. Some immigrants come from countries which do not owe allegiance to the Queen, cannot read, write or understand the Queen's English, and, Lord Elton suggests, have probably only recently ever heard of England. In 1964 for the first time in our history, election literature was printed in several languages besides English.

In 1961 the population of the U.K. was estimated to be 52½ millions, 573 people to the square mile; and taking England and Wales together, a population of 790 to the square mile. (In Canada the figure drops to 5 and in Australia only 3 per square mile). Yet more immigrants are still coming in daily and there are still 680 million Commonwealth citizens all with an equal "right" to take up residence in Britain!

WEST INDIAN ADMISSION

Even the General Secretary of the West Indian National Association is quoted as saying in March, 1965, "We feel some restriction is essential." Lord Elton gives us also a quotation from the Liberal internationalist, Professor Salvador de Madariaga: "Indeed, the right of any nation, provided it is free and knows what it is doing, to regulate its demographic composition should be considered as sacred by any liberal-minded man." Lord Elton himself stresses that "the argument sometimes advanced for world-wide interbreeding, that it would ensure world-wide peaceful co-existence, is hardly borne out by the record of several South American states."

There are many warnings too on health grounds, such as this from "the Dean of the School of Tropical Medicine that immigration by air from tropical lands

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is bringing into this country unfamiliar diseases, which often cannot be diagnosed before they have become a danger not only to the patient but to the community." The Medical Officer of Health for Wolverhampton has made a plea that "the further entry of unmarried expectant immigrant mothers and of all pregnant women unaccompanied by their husbands, should be prohibited." We are also told that 'fifty-one per cent of all illegitimate births are to immigrant mothers, and that nearly twenty per cent of the children in voluntary children's homes are coloured or half-caste.'

Most of us already know that leprosy has been re-introduced into this country and so much tuberculosis that sanatoria which in some cases had become redundant have had to be re-opened. In Birmingham there is a great increase among school-children.

Every year four hundred British-born doctors leave Britain while Indian doctors come in at the rate of six hundred per year and tolerate conditions in the Health Service which the Government should, and would in normal circumstances, have been forced to reorganise: hence, Lord Elton believes, much of the deep dissatisfaction in the medical profession.

Lord Elton does not, by our way of thinking, go nearly far enough in his suggested solutions to the colossal problem, but finally leaves it all rather too airily in the hands of the British people. While we share his "spirit of compassion for immigrants and native citizens alike" to the full, we do not share his belief in circumstances over which no one has control.

He could have taken this opportunity to offer a solution in resolutely opposing continued immigration.

CAUTIONARY TALE

Young Tommy Jones, a likely lad,
Grew up a Socialist, like his dad.
Joined his union, became Hon. Sec.,
Righted the world from Tooting Bec.

By twenty-five he knew the score,
Had read his Marx and furthermore
By dint of thought and further study
Decided he'd become more ruddy.

Alone, one evening in his den,
With wrinkled brow and flowing pen
There came a rattle on his shutter,
'A friend to see you', came the mutter.

By twelve o'clock the pact was sealed,
Another crypto Red was heeled
With cash to spare and such direction
Ensured success in the Bye-election.

And so it was, he set the pace
And in the House he took his place.
And there he argued long and bravely
To free the world from cruel slav'ry.

His masters saw in Tommy Jones
A likely lad to topple thrones,
And sent him forth instructed clearly
To sell them down the river merely.

And this he did with great effect,
Where'er he went he Kingdoms wrecked.
India, Egypt, Burma, Malta
Put their necks into his halter.

He travelled wide, he travelled far,
Met Okello in Zanzibar,
Discussed with Julius certain matter,
Made long-range plans with Mzee Kenyatta.

And in the name of Freedom claimed
A ghastly toll of hacked and maimed;
Testes, eyeballs, tongues and ears,
Savage rites to savage jeers.

In the meantime Tommy Jones
Bound them down with generous loans.
With millions of sterling, changed from the dollar,
He drove the spikes into Freedom's collar.

And now the final accolade;
Sir Thomas Jones, in glory made
For service to the common welding,
For honour's cause—or honour's gelding.

Returning home, his duty done,
His papers filed, the battle won,
There came a rattle on his shutter,
'I'm here again', he heard the mutter.

'You've served us well', his guest averred,
'There's one thing more, you may have heard,
The latest edition from the secret printer,
We want a copy—we attack this winter'.

Sir Thomas paled 'But this means war',
'You should have thought of that before
You committed treason and risked your neck cord
For the Bye-election at Tooting Bec Ward.

'A country to sell, a bomb to lob,
Being a traitor's a full-time job.
There's no sitting back and taking it easy,
For the men at the top have a way with the queasy.'

Tom put his head in his hands and he cried
Just as the bullet tore at his side,
'My God!' he screamed, his life's blood gouting,
'A butchering for a Communist's outing.'

His assassin sneered, his alien lids
Hooded the thought of the stupid bids
Based on the cry 'All men are equal'
That freedom for him was freedom's sequel.

So, patriots all, a warning heed,
Be sure the word won't match the deed.
Treason's abroad in the highest places:
The Unhappy Lords with the unhappy faces.

HELP RHODESIA FUND

THE Candour League of South Africa, like the League of Empire Loyalists in the United Kingdom and elsewhere, is doing everything in its power to help a Rhodesia economically besieged by pretty nearly the whole world marshalled by Wall Street and the British Government.

The Candour League of South Africa has opened a "Help Rhodesia Fund" which it has advertised in all the leading newspapers of the Republic. The object is to collect as large a sum of money as possible to be held in South Africa for the purchase of such commodities as may be needed to bolster any weak points in Rhodesia's economic defence system. The money will be placed entirely at the disposal of the Rhodesian Government or its nominees.

Currency control makes it impracticable for the L.E.L. to start a similar fund, but any of its members, or any Candour subscribers who wish to subscribe to the South African effort should send their donations to Miss M. Traill-Smith, 5 Albion Road, Rondebosch, Cape Town. (Cheques or postal orders should be made out to "The C.L. of South Africa" and crossed "Rhodesian Appeal a/c".) All donations will be personally acknowledged and the accounts audited by a firm of chartered accountants. The Chairman of the Candour League of South Africa is Mr. J. Maxfield Gray, P.O. Box 256, Stellenbosch, Cape.

WILSON CONGRATULATED!

ON the day the December issue of *Candour* was despatched to subscribers a letter was despatched to Harold Wilson from the League of Empire Loyalists.

"It is not often," it read, "that we have the opportunity to write to congratulate you on any result of your Government's policies, but we do most heartily congratulate you on having achieved the termination of diplomatic relations with the corrupt and tyrannical regime in Ghana.

"We realise, of course, that this result of your policies was purely accidental, but we nevertheless hope that you will appreciate how beneficial it is and will take no action to reverse it."

The shock proved almost too much for the Prime Minister's staff, who took three weeks to acknowledge receipt of the letter. At the time of writing the League's telegram sent to Wilson on his departure for Lagos has not been acknowledged at all. This read: "We know you are the White man's grave-digger, you don't have to crawl to savages to prove it."

All patriots should read

EMPIRE OR ECLIPSE

By A. K. CHESTERTON

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PAX TECUM!

"THIS house resolves that Ian Smith be allowed to depart in peace." This resolution was passed at a recent meeting of Purley Young Conservatives after an address by Avril Walters on behalf of the League of Empire Loyalists.

Miss Walters insisted that the Conservative leaders had erred in playing the Socialists at their own game. In the bogus party fight—neither side cared for principles, only for power—the parties had ruined Britain.

The Conservatives had abandoned every principle for which they stood. Their record was uniformly deplorable. Their African policy, worse than deplorable, was evil. They had betrayed our kinsmen throughout Africa and handed that continent to savages like Nkrumah, Kaunda, Kenyatta and Nyerere, causing misery to the Africans.

Wilson had carried "Conservative" policy further. He was waging economic war to reduce Rhodesia to the level of these squalid dictatorships. Never in British history had the British people sunk so low. Wilson's policy was to starve out the Africans so that they would revolt against Mr. Ian Smith. He would then say they were revolting against U.D.I. and pose as a saintly prophet.

Purley Young Conservatives made it clear by their resolution and comments during the meeting that they at least would not be deluded.

The New Lepanto

(with apologies to G. K. Chesterton)

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard.

His Grace (Lambeth and Canterbury) awoke profoundly stirred;

A message to Hal Wilson: Church militant and all,

The newest hope of Africa takes weapons from the wall.

Cervantes on his galley set his sword back in its sheath.

But Ramsey back in Lambeth threw down his gage to Smith.

"Meet U.D.I. with force," he cried. "Unsheath the British blade."

The Christian Lord of Lambeth sent the rest to the Crusade.

Yes, Ramsey's in his closet, praying hard as prelates should,

Assailed by Church, attacked by Press, sadly misunderstood,

Arraigned upon indictment, accused by his own lips. Ramsey, Lord of Canterbury, had suffered an eclipse.

His mind had dwelt on Peelers—though he trumpeted of wars.

Then Ramsey, Lord of Lambeth, deemed it wise awhile to pause.

Though batons were his weapons, men claimed he thought of guns.

Like Peelers', an Archbishop's lot is not an 'appy one. Trumpet that peaeth war!

Vivat Cantuar!

Ramsey, Lord of Lambeth,

Sending others to the fore.